MARVEL LEGACY
THE MARVEL UNIVERSE KILLS DEADPOOL
299
the DESPICABLE DEADPOOL
DUGGAN
HAWTHORNE
PALLOT
BELLAIRE
2017

POSSIBLY THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED MERCENARY, DEFINITELY THE WORLD'S MOST ANNOYING, WADE WILSON WAS CHOSEN AS PART OF A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT ACCIDENTALLY GAVE HIM A HEALING FACTOR ALLOWING HIM TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND. FOR A TIME, WADE TRIED TO BE A HERO, THROWING IN WITH THOSE WHO INSPIRED HIM: AVENGERS, X-MEN, SPIDER-MEN. ALL HE GOT FOR HIS EFFORTS WAS PAIN. FORGET THAT NOISE.

NOW, HE'S BACK TO BEING WHAT HE DOES BEST...

the DESPICABLE DEADPOOL

HEY, POOL-POPPERS. IT'S ME, ***DEADPOOL!***

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT I AM ***DESPICABLE*** NOW. IT'S TRUE!

KNOW HOW I KNOW? BECAUSE I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR BAD THINGS HAPPENING TO EVERYONE I CARE ABOUT.

I'M A JINX, LIKE ROBERT DURST IN SPANDEX.

TAKE SOME TIME TO REALLY PICTURE THAT FOR A WHILE.

EVERY CURVE OF HIS BODY, CARESSED BY TIGHT, FORMFITTING CLOTHING.

MENTALLY PAN UP AND DOWN HIS FULL BODY IN YOUR HEAD...FROM THE TIP OF HIS GRAYED PATE TO HIS TINIEST LITTLE SHRIVELED TOES, AND EVERYWHERE IN BETWEEN.

DID YOU SEE IT?

AND NOW YOU KNOW WHY EVERYONE HATES ME.

INCLUDING ME! YOU THINK I ENJOYED *IMAGINING THAT? EUUUCH.*

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE LEE

THE MARVEL UNIVERSE KILLS DEADPOOL PART THREE

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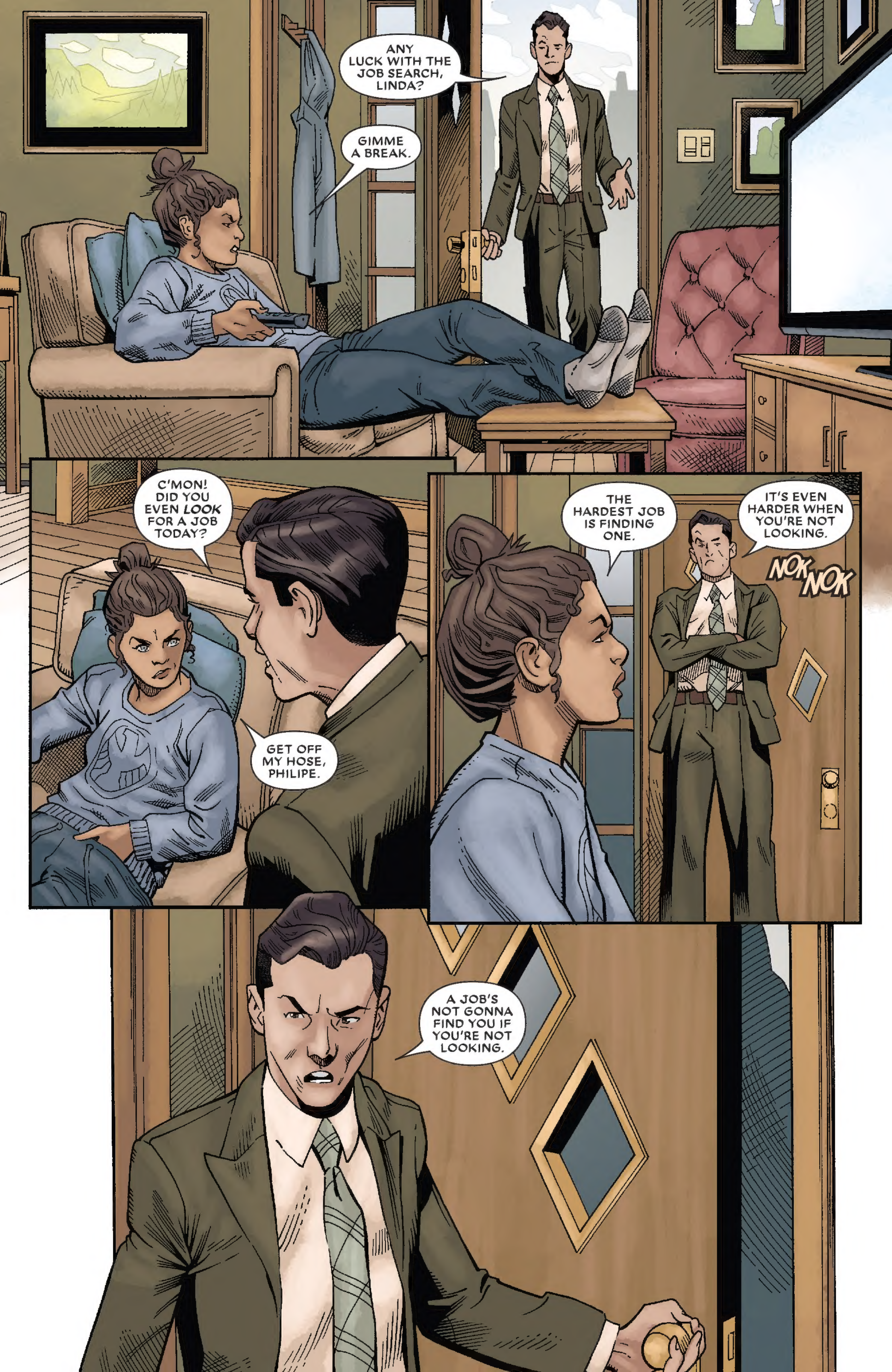
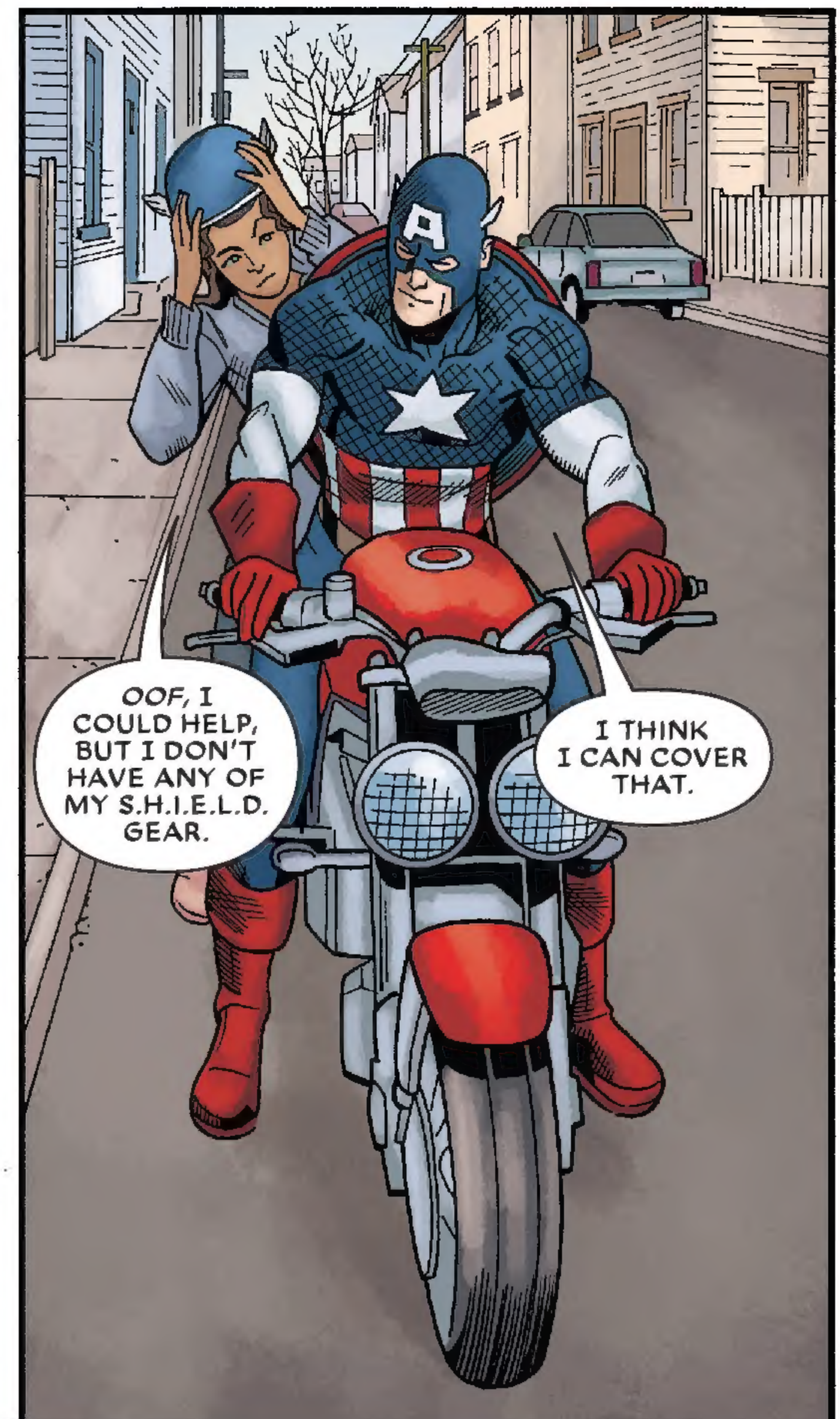
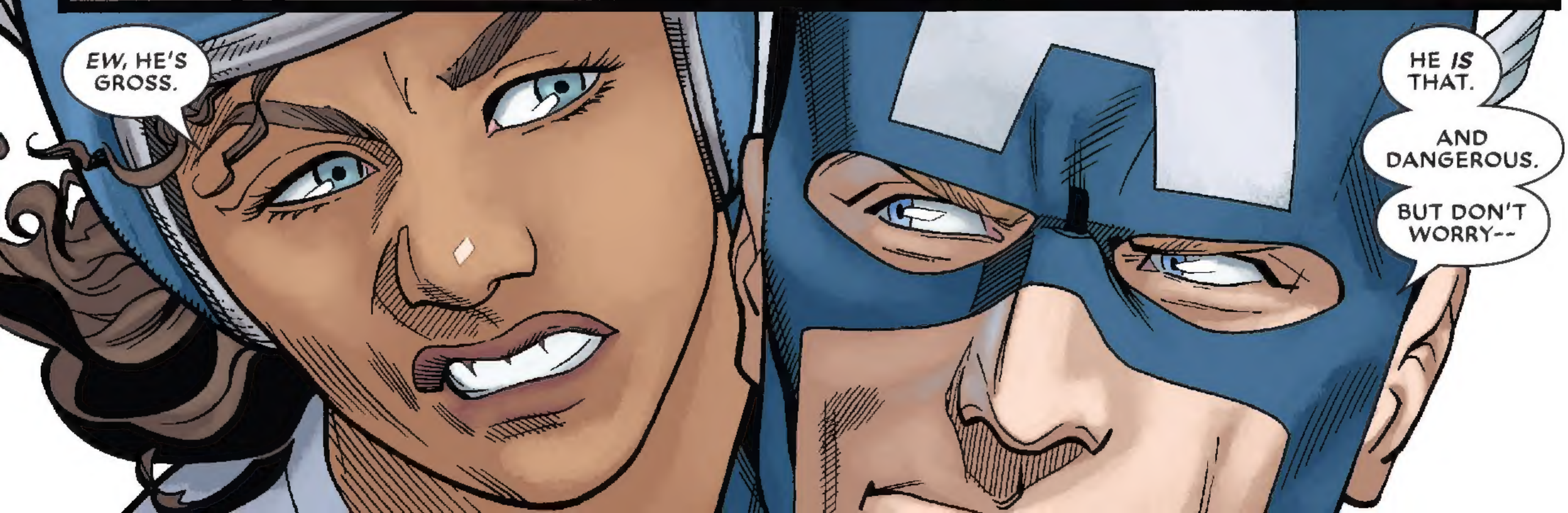

ANY LUCK WITH THE JOB SEARCH, LINDA?
GIMME A BREAK.
C'MON! DID YOU EVEN *LOOK* FOR A JOB TODAY?
GET OFF MY HOSE, PHILIPE.
THE HARDEST JOB IS FINDING ONE.
IT'S EVEN HARDER WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKING.
NOK NOK
A JOB'S NOT GONNA FIND YOU IF YOU'RE NOT LOOKING.

GOOD AFTERNOON, I'M CAPTAIN AMERICA.
I HAVE A JOB FOR LINDA. IS SHE AT HOME?
UH...
HI, I'M LINDA!
YEAH, SHE'S LINDA.
LINDA, I KNOW YOU WERE A WONDERFUL TECH AT S.H.I.E.L.D., AND I COULD USE YOUR EXPERTISE NOW. UNFORTUNATELY IT'S NOT EXACTLY A HIGH-PAYING GIG, BUT--
--BUT WHO CARES!
LET'S GO!
BYE, PHIL-ICIA.

SO WHAT'S UP?
WELL, I HAVE A PRETTY SEVERELY DAMAGED *LIFE-MODEL DECOY* THAT NEEDS SOME LOVE AND ATTENTION.
FURY RECOMMENDED YOU.


OOF, I COULD HELP, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY OF MY S.H.I.E.L.D. GEAR.
I THINK I CAN COVER THAT.

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I'M HOPING I CAN HELP OUT A GREAT AGENT--
THAT'S GREAT!
--AND EVEN HELP BRING IN DEADPOOL.


EW, HE'S GROSS.
HE *IS* THAT.
AND DANGEROUS.
BUT DON'T WORRY--

"--WE HAVE *TOP PEOPLE* WORKING ON THAT SITUATION."

WELCOME TO THE *DEADPOOL TASK FORCE.*

WE HAVE A DANGEROUS AND UNPREDICTABLE SUBJECT THAT MUST BE BROUGHT IN.

SORRY I'M LATE, MARIA.

HAWKEYES ARE ALWAYS LATE.

YOU MENTIONED THAT YOU THOUGHT DEADPOOL WOULD POSSIBLY AGREE TO SURRENDER IF YOU PERSONALLY REACHED OUT?

UH. WHAT?

LISTEN. YOU SEE ALL THESE BANDAGES ON MY HEAD? YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? I GET HIT IN THE HEAD *A LOT.*

CAPTAIN AMERICA DOESN'T LISTEN TO ME. YOU SHOULDN'T EITHER.

POTATOES.

SORRY. HEAD INJURY.

SOMETHING'S WRONG.
I KNOW.

YEAH, SOMETHING IS WRONG.
DEADPOOL WOULD NEVER JUST GIVE UP. I DON'T KNOW IF DEADPOOL KNOWS THE MEANING OF THE WORD SURRENDER.
SORRY WE'RE LATE, WE--

--WHAT THE HELL?!
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

LOOK OUT! IT'S A SKRULL!

TWUNK

BLAM BLAM
AAAAAIIIIGH!
FWOOSH
TWOK
THUNK
WHUDD
AH-HA-HA-HA!
SKREEAAHHK
DEADPOOL--
--STOP!
YOU GUYS SUCK! I HAD A WHOLE FUN DAY PLANNED WITH THE TASK FORCE.
OOF!

I'D HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT TOO, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU MEDDLING KIDS!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS, DEADPOOL. IT'S OVER!
UGHN!

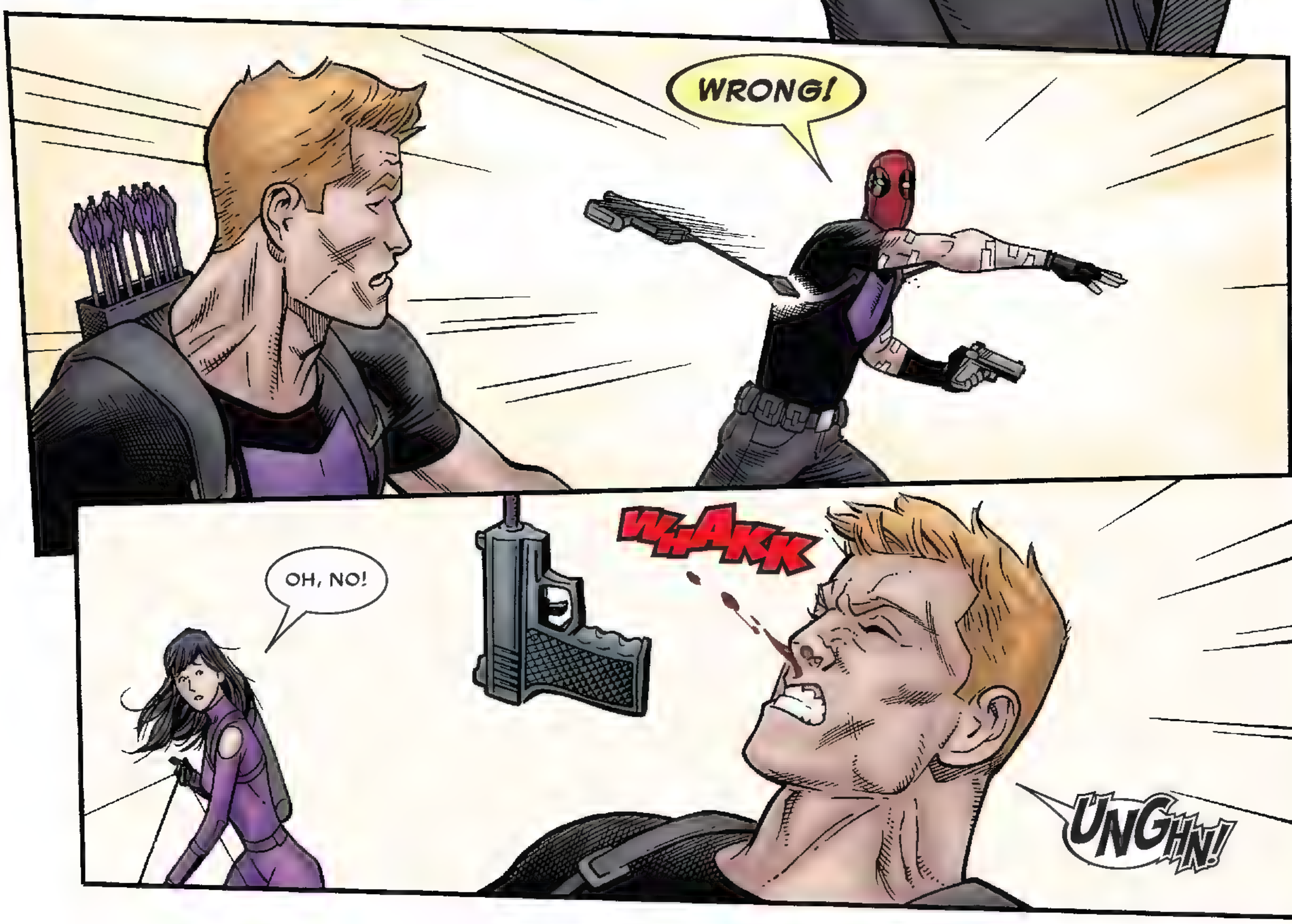
I DON'T HAVE A QUARREL WITH YOU, KATE, BUT THIS ISN'T OVER UNTIL I SAY IT IS.
HOW COULD ANYONE ÷HUFF÷ FALL FOR YOU AS ME?
YOU KNOW, ÷HUFF÷ I'M NOT ALWAYS GETTING BANDAGED UP.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT TO ME WITH A STRAIGHT FACE?
JUST SECONDS AGO YOU SUPLEXED YOURSELF RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT, WADE? MAYBE WE CAN HELP?
IF CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN'T GIVE ME WHAT I WANT, YOU GUYS DEFINITELY CAN'T HELP.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'LL SHOOT ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT I WILL SHOOT CLINT TWICE.
READY?
YES.
SHHK
AARGH!
THWACK

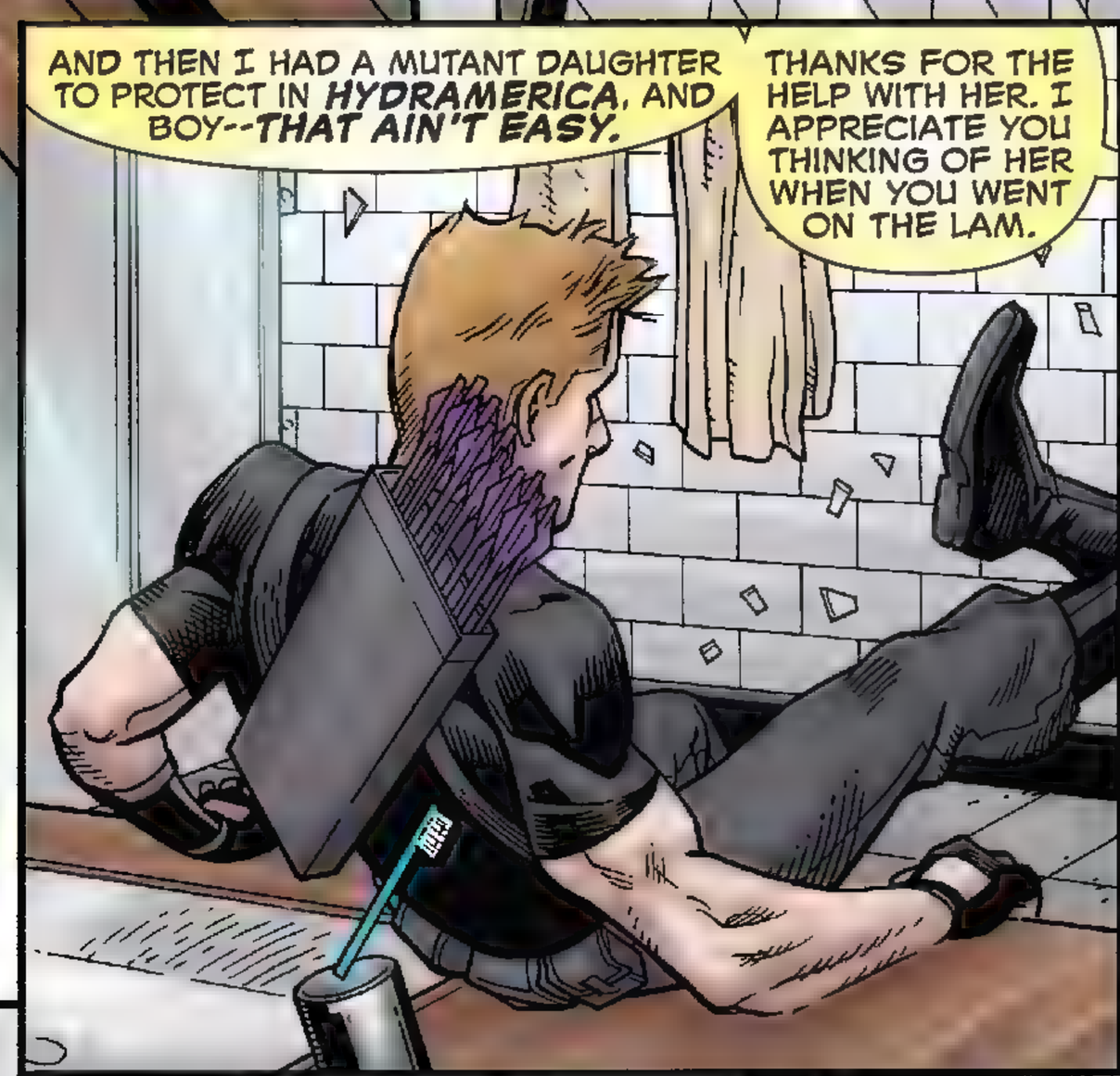
YOU KNOW, I AIN'T EVEN MAD.

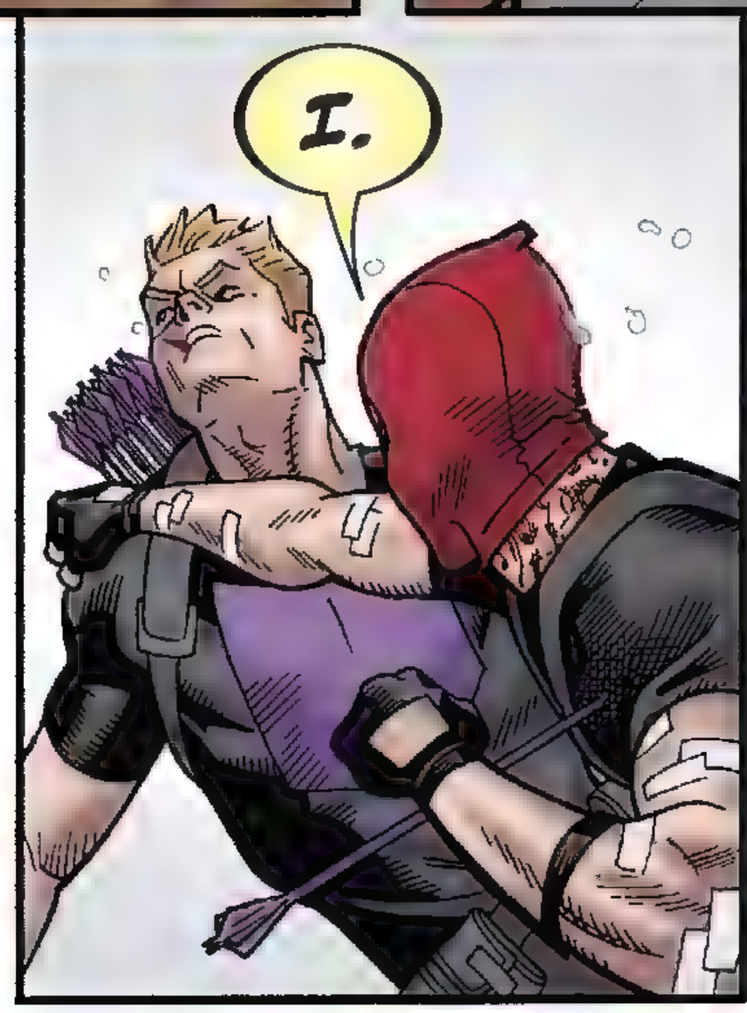
WHEN I WAS IN PRISON-- YOU ASKED IF YOU COULD HELP ME.
NOW I'M RETURNING THE FAVOR.
LET US HELP.
DROP THE GUN. YOU CAN'T HURT ANYONE WITH IT ANYWAY.

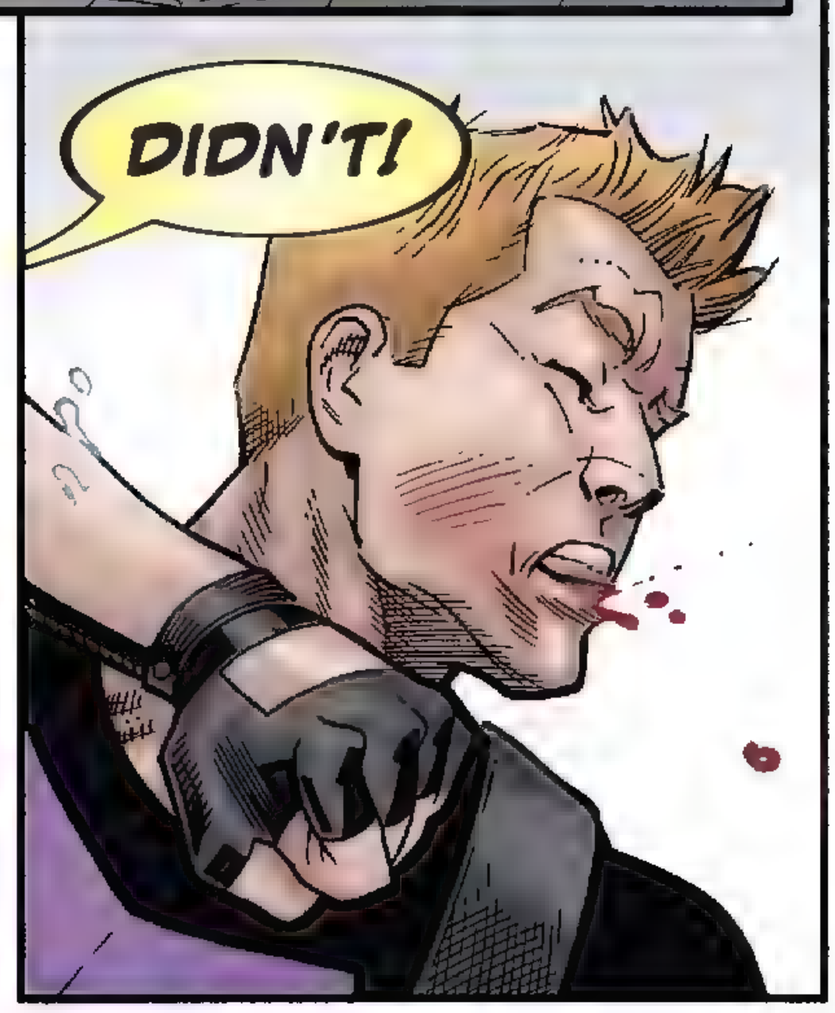

WRONG!
OH, NO!
WHAKK
UNGHN!

TOK
HOW COULD YOU DO IT, WADE?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT SPECIFICALLY--
--BUT IF YOU'RE ASKING ABOUT COULSON-- ASK CAPTAIN AMERICA.
I WANT TO HEAR HIM EXPLAIN IT.
WHUDD
OOF!
STAND DOWN!

I GOT BAD LUCK.
UGHN!
GRRAGH!
SKRUSHK
I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE. I HAD ALREADY FOLLOWED CAPTAIN AMERICA OFF A CLIFF BEFORE I EVER HEARD THE WORDS "HAIL HYDRA."



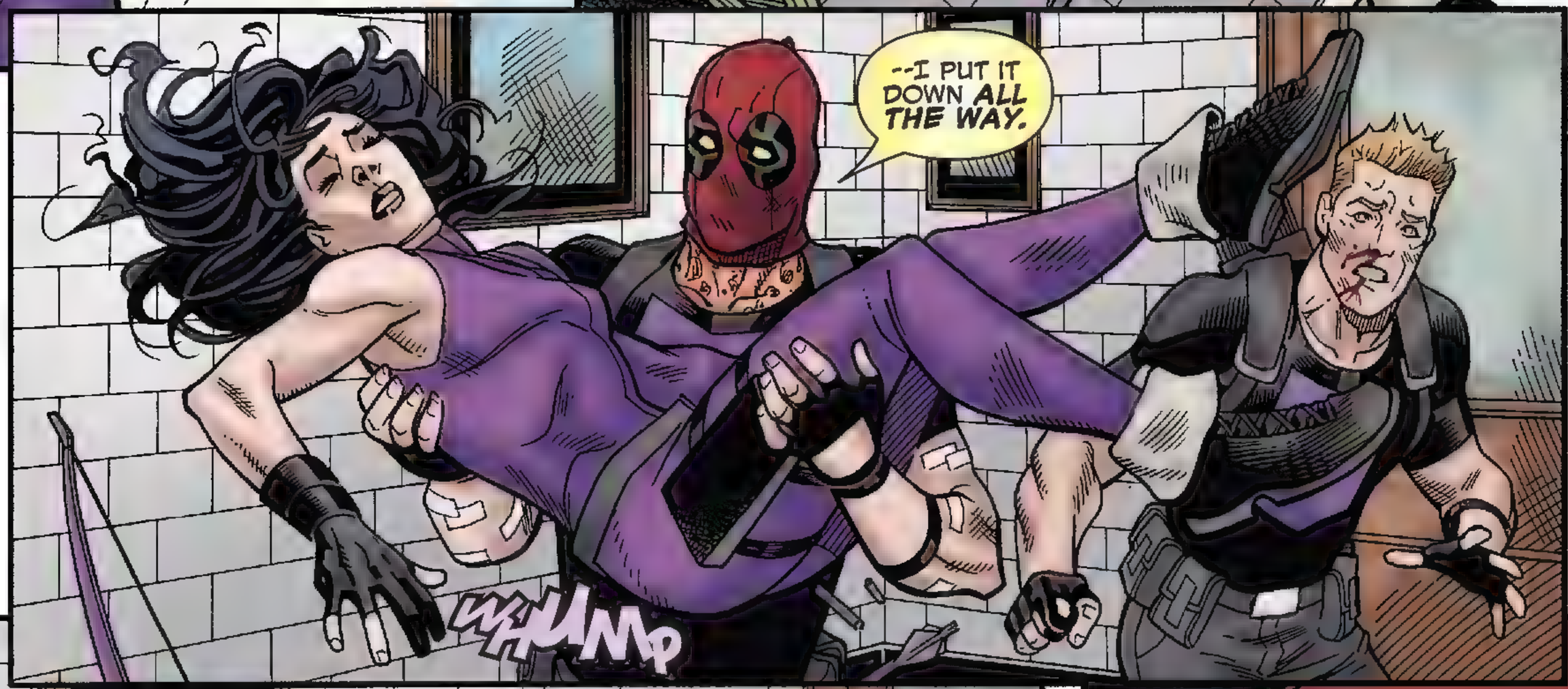




Y-YOU KNEW WHERE WE WERE HIDING?
I WAITED FOR YOU GUYS TO MAKE CONTACT WITH ME--BUT YOU NEVER DID.
THEN WHILE YOU WERE $#%&$% AROUND IN THE DESERT I GOT MARIA HILL THE INFO SHE NEEDED TO BRING DOWN THE DOME OVER NEW YORK.
YEAAAAAAAOOW!
I DON'T EXPECT A STATUE OF ME TO BE BUILT--BUT I EXPECTED A BETTER END THAN THIS $@#%&$#@.
DROP THE UH--TOILET SEAT, WADE.
I TRIED TO TEACH YOU BOTH TO LIGHTEN UP AND HAVE SOME FUN, AND I WORRY THAT YOU THINK LESS OF ME BECAUSE OF IT.
I WANT YOU BOTH TO REMEMBER--ANYTHING IS A WEAPON IN MY HAND.

HA--
WHUPP
--URK!

UGHN...
WHEN I PUT THE TOILET SEAT DOWN--


--I PUT IT DOWN ALL THE WAY.
WHUMP

SORRY, I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.
I DON'T GET IT, WADE...
WHAT'S YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS?

IT'S SIMPLE.

I GOT A "PLAN A"...

...AND A "PLAN B."

WE'LL SEE WHICH ONE THE UNIVERSE GIVES ME.
WHAT THE HELL?! GET OUT OF MY BATHROOM!
SPEAKING OF GIFTS. MY RIDE'S HERE.
I THINK YOU BOTH KNOW I WOULDN'T SHOOT THIS PERSON IN THE HEAD--BUT I'D SHOOT HIM SOMEWHERE ELSE--AND LET YOU RUN HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.

LET HIM GO.
WE WERE TRYING TO HELP YOU, WADE.
I KNOW.
THAT'S WHY NEITHER OF YOU IS GOING TO THE HOSPITAL.
"AND SO THE TWO OF YOU JUST LET HIM GET AWAY?"

HE HAD A HOSTAGE AT GUNPOINT.

IS WHAT DEADPOOL SAID TRUE? DID HE BURY THE LOCATION OF OUR RESISTANCE BASE?

HOW WOULD I KNOW? ASK *PHIL COULSON.*

AND HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND BLACKOUT?

DID YOU GET THAT INFORMATION FROM DEADPOOL?

I BEAT IT OUT OF HIM.

AND YOU TWO ARE FOOLS IF YOU THINK DEADPOOL COULDN'T HAVE ENDED STEVIL'S REIGN OF TERROR WITH A SINGLE BULLET. BUT HE DIDN'T, DID HE?

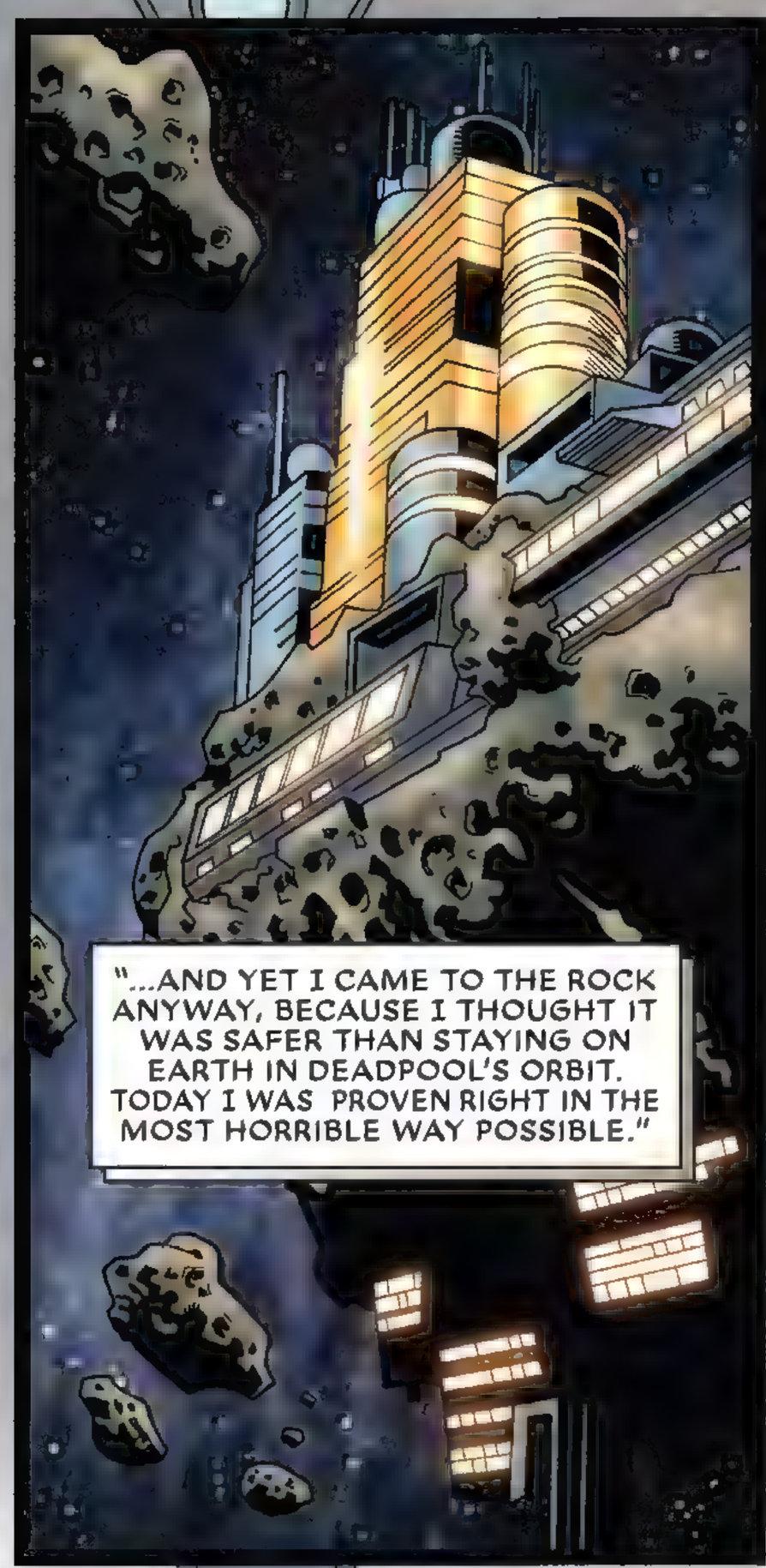
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

AM I REALLY ALWAYS COVERED IN BANDAGES?

C'MON, KATE. WE MAY BE IN THE GUTTER...

...BUT AT LEAST WE'RE LOOKING UP AT THE STARS.

"THERE ARE A MILLION WAYS TO DIE IN SPACE..."


"...AND YET I CAME TO THE ROCK ANYWAY, BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WAS SAFER THAN STAYING ON EARTH IN DEADPOOL'S ORBIT. TODAY I WAS PROVEN RIGHT IN THE MOST HORRIBLE WAY POSSIBLE."

WE'VE MADE HEADWAY AGAINST THE ALIENS THAT HAVE BEEN CO-OPTED FROM EARTH, COMMANDER ADSIT.

WAIT, STOP!
SHOW ME THE SITUATION REPORT FOR EARTH AGAIN!
DECEASED
DECEASED
OH, NO! COULSON AND PRESTION ARE BOTH DEAD?!

THESE PEOPLE WERE YOUR COMRADES?

MY *FRIENDS.*

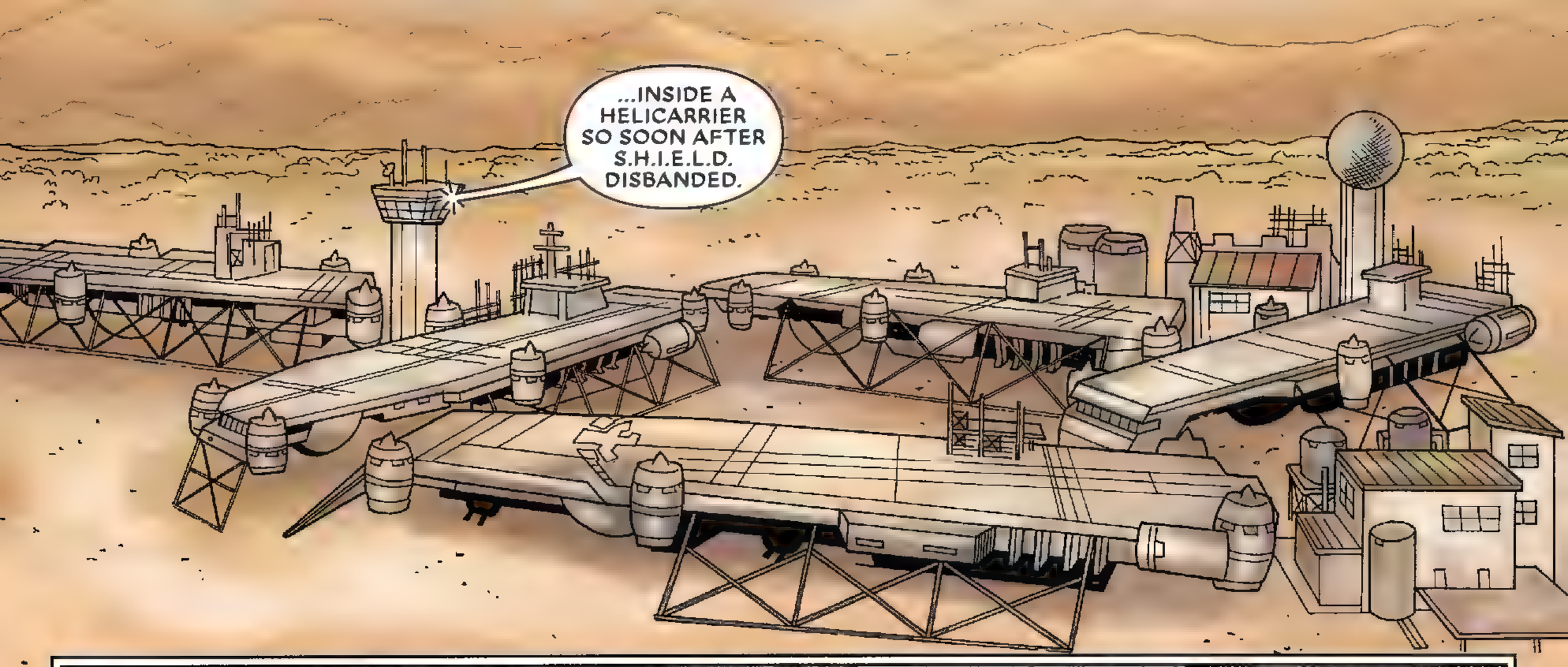
COMPUTER, LIST ALL SUSPECTS IN THEIR MURDERS.

ONE SUSPECT-- WADE WILSON, A.K.A. DEADPOOL.

PREPARE MY SHUTTLE.

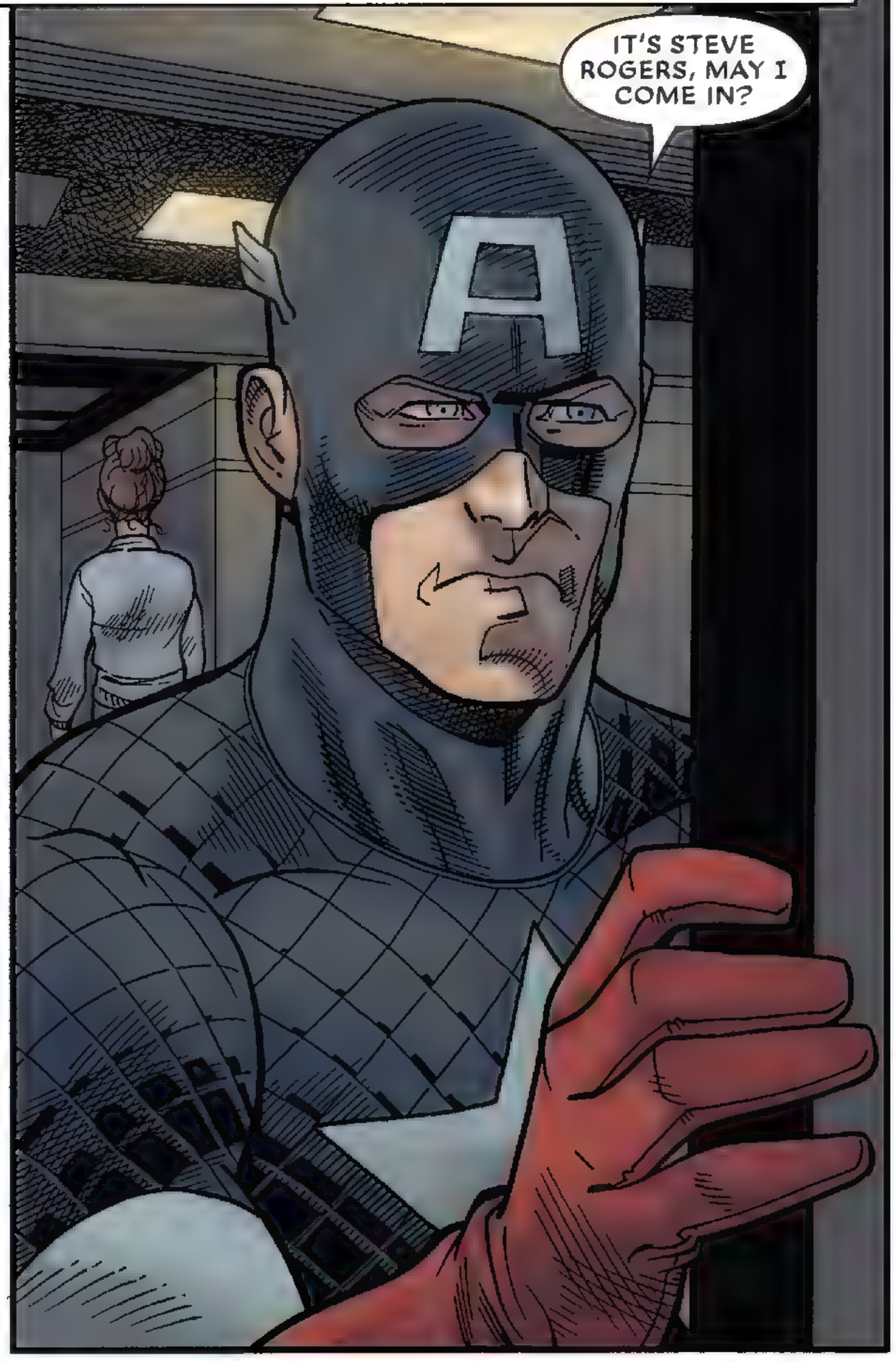
I'M GOING *HOME.*

"I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE BACK HERE..."

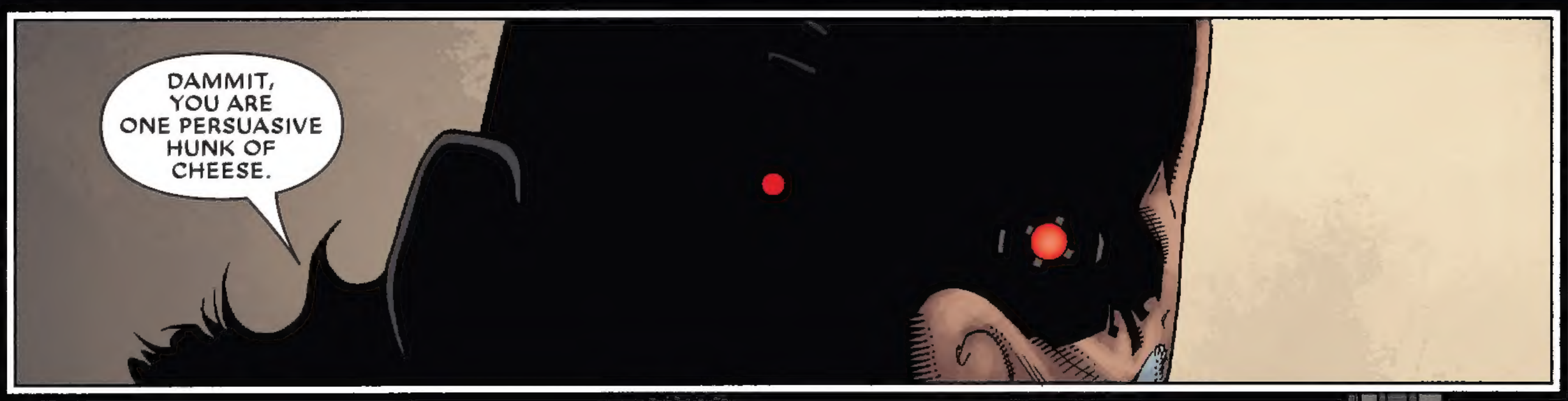

...INSIDE A HELICARRIER SO SOON AFTER S.H.I.E.L.D. DISBANDED.

I DID ALL I COULD.
YOU HELPED ME WITH A MATTER OF NATIONAL SECURITY-- AND YOU DID SOME GOOD FOR A WOMAN WHO'S GIVEN HER ALL FOR THIS COUNTRY.

I CAN'T SAY SHE'S THRILLED ABOUT CHATTING WITH YOU.
I UNDERSTAND HER RETICENCE. WOULD YOU MIND WAITING ON DECK? I'LL BE ALONG SHORTLY.


IT'S STEVE ROGERS, MAY I COME IN?

THE HARDEST PART OF LEADING IS ASKING PEOPLE TO DO THINGS I KNOW THEY *DON'T* WANT TO DO.
YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE TO THIS COUNTRY, AND--
TWICE.
TWICE.
YOUR FAMILY IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE WAITING FOR YOU. I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU FOR RUNNING TO THEM.
YOU'VE MORE THAN EARNED IT.
DEADPOOL IS MY RESPONSIBILITY, BUT I WOULD BE GRATEFUL IF YOU WOULD PUT OFF RETIREMENT TO JOIN ME ON ONE LAST MISSION.
IT MAY EVEN BE A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR THE PEOPLE WHO ARE PURSUING HIM.



ALL RIGHT, BOY SCOUT-- LET'S *END* DEADPOOL.

NEXT: THE BITTER END IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE KILLS DEADPOOL, PART FOUR

NEXT ISSUE:

WADE'S SWAN SONG IS HERE...

...TRIPLE THE PAGES...

...TRIPLE THE ACTION...

...TRIPLE THE FUN?

THE DESPICABLE DEADPOOL #300

REMEMBER... THE ALAMO.

ZONE